

THE POETS AND JOHN BROWN.

Of all the poetry yet elicited by the enterprise and the catastrophe of John Brown, we have but with none more likely to attract attention, ignore the feelings, and awaken earnest thought, than the two following. The first, which we copy from the *Independent*, and standing over the well-known signature of its stated contributor, "J. G. W." needs no introduction. The poetic reputation of the writer will secure for it an extensive perusal. The second, a reply, to the former, from the negro poet, "E." whose name has yet to reach its proper place among the poets, comes now with the advancement of an equal prestige. But these who have a just taste, and a corresponding appreciation of the lofty enthusiasm and impassable fire of one party, can judge whether it falls below the standard of the former.

But the differing shades of sentiment in the two pieces, supply the chief grounds of comparison between them. "J. G. W." looks to John Brown from the stand-point of his Quaker principles, education, and belief of thought. But the Penitent principles of Fox have not yet permeated the other sects, and the things are trying to pass the few who have party or wholly abandoned them. We have always been an advocate of Pease. With the other National Anti-Slavery Convention of 1850, we repudiated in surrectuary movements, and have not changed our position. Yet we confess, we were not altogether satisfied with the views of "J. G. W." Whatever may be said against the use of the sword, its use by such men as John Brown, does by us deprive them of all their moral power. Heroic souls, however, mistaken and ill-judged, have a force that can never be excelled, or even equalled by mere words, whether in poetry or prose. There was danger that our moral mission would degenerate into mere talk. It is not for those who *will not vote* for a national abolition of slavery, but who identify themselves with a party pledged *against* it, contenting itself with mere "non-extension"—it is not for such, to assume a higher moral and spiritual position than John Brown, nor to imagine that they can exert a moral influence equal to his. Whether our correspondent "E." has overdrawn the picture, on the other side, we will not now say. We hold the ballot-box sacred to abolition, and the only alternative to the cartridge box. Americans are not the people, we think, to submit to enslavement. And, if not shown how they can abolish slavery by voting directly against it, they will contrive some way of fighting against it. It is political compromise, that produces John Brown. If taught to choose "the least of two evils," the people will choose the sword, rather than be much longer duped by the politicians. But to the poetry,

From the *Independent*.

BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE.

John Brown of Osawatomie
Spake on his dying day:
"I will not have to shiv my soul,
A priest in Slavery's pay.
But, let a poor slave mother,
Whom I have striven to free,
With her children, face the gallows-stair
Put up, a prayer for me!"

J. W. Brown of Osawatomie,
They let him out to die;
And he—a poor slave mother
With her little child pressed high,
Then the bold, blue-eye grew wider,
At the tall larch tree, grew wild,
As he stepped between the jiving ranks
And kissed the negro's child.

The jinglings of his ringing life,
That call sport,
Without the rash and bloody hand,
Within this living heart,
Thus kiss all from his guilty cass
Renounced the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter's fair
The martyr's soul beat.

Perish with him the folly
That so strength evil gained,
Ling live the gay, the jocund,
Unstained with human blood,
Not the soul of a fight for us;
But the thought of what underlies;
Not the outlaw's pride of daring,
But the Christian's sacrifice.

Oh, nev'r may you lus-ridged hills
The Northern rib hear,

Nor see the lights of Lansing homes
Flash in the negro's spear,
But let the free-winged wind I Truth
Their guarded passes seal.

To teach that right is me're than might
And justice more than man!
So, vry ill shall Virginia set
Her battle in array
In vain her trampling squadrons knead
The Winter snow w' th' clay
She may strike the pouncing eagle
But she dares not harm the dove,
And every gate she bars to Har-
Shall open wide to Lee! J. G. W.

BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE.

A REPLY.

Brown of Osawatomie! nobly he died,
Fearing the darkness, a Heaven-sent flame,
Sending the sword of Truth right through him,
Showing all the boldness and the blackness within,
Holding God's word so high, a light over all the land,
And seen by distant mariners, and on every a far off strand
Blest be the light he reared! blest be his name
Perish never, shall the wonder and the fame!

Brown of Osawatomie!

Brown of Osawatomie! nobly he died,
Selling with his own blood, the earth redeeming tide,
Adding to the names of those from the altar-
O!豈! wondrous has he proved it, most blessed thus to lie,
From the gallows up to glory from the cross to the crown,
And the horses of all ages, and the martyrs smiling down,
Brown of Osawatomie!

Brown of Osawatomie, nobly he lives!

And a watchword to the nations, and an ensign he gives,

And they all flock to his standard, his voice they will obey,

For he is truth embodied, and he can never die,

And your building up the sunfield, was but lifting it on high,

Blest light for all the ages, blessed legacy of love,

One of the perfect gifts that cometh from the Father of lights
above;

Brown of Osawatomie! E.

Correspondence, St. Louis Republican, Pro-Slavery.

PURSUIT OF A RUNAWAY SLAVE.

MISSOURIANS IN A TIGHT PLACE.

BUTLER, Bates Co., Mo., Dec. 16, 1859.

On Thursday night, December 8, a band of midnight marauders, headed by the notorious Snider, perpetrated an outrage upon three citizens of this State, which demands the attention of the authorities in the border counties, if not of the General Assembly, now in session. A gentleman named Bell, from Lafayette county, was in pursuit of a runaway slave, who had escaped some three weeks ago and taken refuge among the Brown sympathizers in or near the town of Osawatomie, (Kansas) some forty miles from this place. Upon reaching West Point, a village situated near the State line, but in this county, Mr. Bell deeming it unsafe to venture alone into a neighborhood of such well-known character for lawlessness, got Messrs. John Bennett, of Parkersburg, and Isaiah Brown, of West Point, to accompany him. The three started on Thursday evening, and reached the house of a Mr. Taylor, some four miles from Osawatomie, late in the night, where they put up, intending to go into the town next morning, and seek the runaway. They had hardly become comfortable by means when loud talking and the noise of many voices outside warned them that they were in danger. This was indeed the case, for, on opening the door, a band of thirty armed men demanded their man, their master. They resisted; they were well armed with Cal. 22 carbines and sabre carbines, shots enough to thin the ranks of their enemies, but, as well as they are brave men, as is well known here. But they knew that if they resisted, the band would not probably be assailed, perhaps burn and tear it in one and the fire of his family, friends, and slaves, inciting the slaves to risk bringing general calamity upon it. So they surrendered, and their master (Taylor) was soon to be captured. Their captors then demanded to release them, and divide their servants, but no!—and here comes the snare as the negro who was in the crowd, as was before the master to go with them with his wife and daughter. Their horses were then taken from the stable, and after camp, when they gave the negro fly whisks, the master was bound to the last post, and a single barbed spear with

the prisoners. Several of the band were in favor of hanging, but Snider, in a spirit aptly illustrating the adage, "honor among thieves," swore they should not be harmed. He was overruled to say, "I have given my word, and I'll be bound—if I do—spit it out." After considerable alteration, Snider's opinion prevailed, and the prisoners were marched off a distance, 44 miles towards the State line and liberated. They reached West Point the next day about noon. Mr. Bell passed through this place on Saturday on his way to Lafayette. I learn that the friends of Mr. Brown, some two years or more, have offered to assist him in seeking whatever revenge he may desire, although it is also said, that he is willing to put up with the grievances, and indisposed to invite his friends to come on his account, which might irritate his antagonist, leading to further blood. This is the *actual* state of the case, for I have pretty good reason for believing that the *negroes will be sought*. It is not the purpose of this interview to attempt the service of persons residing near the line, and any contemplated expedition into the territory; but there is a rumor abroad that a company forming, and now somewhere in the interior of Missouri who will make it their business, is an early day, to reclaim the property lost by Messrs. Bennett, Bell and Brown, on the 8th December, and to wipe out the indignity done them. The ranger is a plausible one, and from what I can learn of the character of the gentlemen immediately concerned, it is not improbable that the statement is founded in truth. The information along the border feel the necessity of taking steps for their own protection. The insecurity of slave property is daily increasing, and where "right is right," and justice has no local habitation or name, it behoves men to make the most of the strength which heaven has endowed them with, for the protection of themselves, their families, and that which is theirs by inheritance and under the law. Snider was one of Montgomery's chief backers in his days last winter.

The Proposed Black Law in Missouri Demanded.

The St. Louis *Democrat* publishes an able remonstrance of Judge Knob, of St. Louis, himself an Administration Democrat, against the proposed law to enslave the free negroes of the State. Judge Knob demands the bill in unamended *status quo* and adds: Let me ask you—no, that would be crud—let me ask, the whole body of the General Assembly—*the Executive of the State, included*—to witness in imagination, the execution of such a law!

Com to St. Louis, where you will find the *Cham organs*, Wilkins, Chivers, and other free negro and mulatto families, who have grown gray in the State, who have acquired property, and have a stake in the community, and who are surrounded by their children and children's children.

Will any one ask the sheriff or the courts to execute such a law against these innocent people? This has, I say, depending upon it, would be a dead sheet on the standing book. The just example of fathers, the tears of mothers, and the woes of helpless children of this unfortunate people, would pierce an iron-bellied heart to the execution of the law.

Men cannot stick their manhood without degradation, or do an act that violates an iron seal set with shame, and it is wrong, ask or require a publick slave to execute. Much more might be said to show that the law will be not only useless, but of no binding force, and consequently a dead letter—but I restrain.

You know all will my views in respect to the *status quo* of the *black* and *white*.

Leave, leave the *black* and *white* to the *status quo*, and I only take up the *black* now, that they may not be slaves of any State of the Union, except N. Carolina, and *Missouri*, *per se*, as being, in either nation, a state of exception between *black* and *white*, as natural bodies, and *status quo* of all the *black* of the land.

Writing, therefore, the *status quo* of the *black* and *white* *status quo* in respect to them, shall I be *status quo* to the negroes and *status quo* to the *black* people.

Writing, therefore, the *status quo* of the *black* and *white* *status quo* in respect to them, shall I be *status quo* to the negroes and *status quo* to the *black* people.

M. Knob.

A young man, while skating on the Mill Pond at Charlottown, Mass., Monday eve, striking upon the back part of this head, and expired instantly.

The Principia.

NEW YORK SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1860.

PERSECUTING THE MISSIONARIES.

It will be remembered that the persecution of the *Missionaries* by the slaveholders, in the British West Indies, was just previous to the act of emancipation by the British Parliament.

And the relation between the two events, was something more than that of mere chronological order and proximity, of antecedent and consequent. There was in it the *relation of cause and effect*. It was by that persecution that the measure of pro-slavery inquiry in the Islands was *kindled* up, and the interference of Divine Providence rendered necessary and inevitable. It was by that persecution that the heathen and *well characterized* slavery, was more clearly revealed the prayers and efforts of Christians and Christian ministers, more thoroughly *awakened* the national conscience, effectually rendered the national spirit roused. When it *came* to be seen that slavery could not tolerate the Christian religion, it *came* likewise to be seen that the Christian religion could not tolerate slavery. The Church and the Nation, determined that slavery should cease. And of course, it did cease.

We have, for a long time, been looking for this last act of malice and infatuation in the leading slaveholders of our Southern States. The time, at length, seems to have arrived. Already, the Missionaries of the American Missionary Association, the only Missionaries, we believe, who have attempted to preach the pure, uncompromised Gospel of Christ, in the slave States, to slaveholders and slaves, have been placed under their proscriptive law. In North Carolina Rev Daniel Worth, though a native of that State, has been imprisoned, and a bail security of \$10,000 required, for his appearance in Court. If condemned, as he is likely to be, the punishment incurred, will be whipping, the pillory, and imprisonment.

In Kentucky Rev John G. Fee, a native of that State, is threatened by a lawless hand, with expulsion from it. On his return homeward, from a tour to the North, he passes, at Cincinnati, within sight of Kentucky, to watch the progress of affairs, and ascertain whether he can go home to his family or no.

Such are the signs of the times. Should the persecution be pushed forward, we may be assured that the day of the slave's deliverance is at hand. In the meantime, our brethren exposed to persecution should be continually remembered at the throne of grace, in prayer, that they may continue steadfast, and be delivered from the hands of their enemies.

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Since the preceding remarks were in type, we have received further accounts from Kentucky, showing the progress of events. A number of families have been expelled from Berea and vicinity, and have arrived in Cincinnati. It may be presumed that the family of John G. Fee is among them. We infer from the absence of his name from the list of refugees that he had not returned home, but awaited, impatiently, the arrival of his friends, at Cincinnati.

If such things do not wake up the *conscience* of the non-slaveholding states, we know not what will. In this case, there was no use of carnal weapons against slavery but only of the word of God and prayer, the gaiting of churches, and the *severance* of learning. This is what slavery most *wants*—*Christianity* or *nothing*. If there cannot be *charitable* assemblies in Kentucky to uproot slavery, then there must be no previous overthrow of slavery preparatory to churches and colleges.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

The Principia has now been issued a sufficient time to give you an idea of its plan and its character. If you like it well enough to take it yourselves, you may help us and the cause we advocate, by doing what you can to get others to take it likewise. If it is adapted to do good, the amount of good will be likely to be in proportion to the number of its subscribers and readers. In order to make the paper

pay its way by its receipts, we must have plenty of subscribers, and we have no means of getting these, but through the exertions of our friends, in the different places where they reside.

PERSONAL LIBERTY BILLS.

We again urge the importance of local efforts in the States of New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, and all other States that have not already enacted effective laws, for the protection of personal liberty against kidnappers. Let it be remembered that it is a matter that does not belong to the *colored people only*. The fugitive slave bill, so called, says not a word of slaves, of colored persons, nor of persons of African descent. So far as the protection of State law is concerned, the whitest man stands equal chance of enslavement, with the blackest man—the Anglo-saxons have no more *legal* security than the African, the man in the highest position in society, has no *prescriptive* over the slave.

The provisions of the Fugitive Slave Bill, make no discrimination between them. The one is as much insulted by it as the other. No time should be lost in circulating memorials to the State Legislatures on the subject. If New Yorkers cannot attempt to liberate Virginians from slavery, without being hanged for it, under the Virginia slave code, enough the Statute-book of New York to remain, without any statute for restraining and punishing Virginians, who attempt on the soil of New York, to seize and drag New Yorkers into slavery!

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CASSIUS M. CLAY, as will be seen by his letter in this paper, defines his position, in respect to freedom of speech in Kentucky. He will defend his own rights, and the rights of the *Republican party*; but not the equal rights of "Radical Abolitionists," such as Rev. John G. Fee, and his associates. He does not approve *奴役*, but seems to intimate that if the State will enact Statutes, (as it seems she has none, to meet the case, all will be well.

This is a specimen of what Abolitionists are to expect from that ascendancy of Republicans in Kentucky, in Missouri, and in the nation, for which so many of them have been earnestly labouring! It has been noticed by philosophical historians, that sects and parties that approximate nearest to each other, without coming quite together, are most intolerant toward each other, when in power, in order that the odium of the *affinity*, may be wiped out. Thus leading Whigs, and Whig papers, commenced the mole against the abolitionists in 1833-4, because many of the leading abolitionists were Whigs, and the Whig party must prove that it is not tainted with abolitionism.

Should Mr. Clay be compelled to defend his own rights, would it not strengthen his moral position, to be known as the defender of the equal rights of his fellow citizens, whatever their opinion might be? What if he should fail of securing his rights, while John G. Fee should succeed? It will be as God pleases. Stranger things have been.

THE LEGS OF THE LAME ARE UNEQUAL.

The N Y Herald predicts that the Marylanders and Tennesseans will not do so inhuman a thing as to enslave the free negroes but, in the same article, maintains, as it has heretofore done, that the slaves are better off than the free negroes, *namely*, better off than the poor free whites. Says the Herald:

"Well would it be for millions of whites, and all the blacks at the North, and thrice happy would be the *emulsion* of the majority of the Caucasian race in Great Britain and Ireland if they were half as well provided for by law as are American slaves, and if half the real affection which prevails at the South for the African race existed among the British aristocracy of birth and of wealth for the negroes around them with a *skin* cold like their own."

"The lips of a fool," says Solomon, "swallow up him self."

Henry J. Raymond, of the N Y Times, in his late Union speech, in Troy, contends that the people of the non-slaveholding states, are bound to return fugitive slaves. The North says he "owes it to the South, to observe that portion of the compact in good faith." In the same speech he affirms that the people of the North are not pro-slavery, and that the political action which ignores it, will prove as futile as a machine which should ignore the law of gravitation. He adds—

"Neither *conquerors* are in favor of slavery, as an abstract *right*. We do not believe that it is the best form of human society, and they cannot make us believe it, and they must not ask us to believe it. If it comes to that, the South will not have any Union unless we do believe it. We shall be compelled to be *aliens* in the Union and the South together." *Applause.* There is no help for it; the human mind is so constituted that it must believe what its judgment dictates.

But pray, Mr. Raymond, is not the human mind so constituted that it cannot help despising the man who violates the dictates of his own judgment and conscience, from motives of practical expediency?

News of the Day.

THE PERSECUTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A CLERGYMAN IMPRISONED IN NORTH CAROLINA.

REV. DANIEL WORTH, Missionary of the American Missionary Association has been imprisoned in Greensboro, N. C., on charges of helping his *Imprisoned Friends* and other incendiary publications. The following letter from Mr. Worth, his lawyer, is his third in this case:

Greensboro, Jan. 5, 1860. Monday, Dec 25, 1859.

I have been three days incarcerated in this jail, on charges of a breach in the criminal law of the State in prescribing, and carrying into effect, Helper's *Impending Crisis*, &c. The indictment on my preliminary trial was great. I pleaded my case, but the lawyers were against me. My bonds were set at \$10,000, a very ridiculous sum, in which to bind a person, especially with but my bonds this afternoon, when I shall again have temporary liberty. My trial will come on in April, though conscious of no greater guilt than any man has, and yet even against the laws of North Carolina, in consequence of the great prejudice, added to the inhuman excitement, I can hardly escape. The punishment, if convicted, is public whipping, and imprisonment. Yesterday, the anniversary of the Saviour's Advent, I spent in my prison, reading His *Bible* in prayer. I longed to hear my Saviour's voice, asking, "Are thou ready to suffer for My sake?" and then came into my dreams for the Saviour's love, and such shame on My Sake. When I came to the point, and could say, "A. S. Lord, I am willing to suffer Thy righteous will in all things," he pour'd His love into my soul so abundantly that I longed about for it. And, let me say, that I fully believe it can sentence to confinement or other punishment, God will glory His name by my suffering for Him, as much as though I was at liberty and working in His vineyard. O, let me have the prayer of my dear Christian brethren everywhere, that my faith fail not, and that I may in patience possess my soul.

Yours in the love of that Saviour who suffered shame for us.

D. WORTH.

ARREST OF THE REV. DANIEL WORTH.—The Rev. Daniel Worth was arrested in Guilford on Friday, on a Justice warrant, and was tried before three Justices in Greensboro on Saturday. Messrs. McLean, Dick, and Scott appeared for the State, and Worth spoke in his own defense. We understand that he endeavored to defend his incendiary conduct, and in so doing read extensively from Helper's book. Some fifteen or sixteen witnesses were examined, it was proved that he had used in his sermons the strongest and vilest incendiary language, and had circulated Helper's book. Among other things, he has declared publicly that he has "no respect for the laws of North Carolina," that "they were enacted by adulterers, drunkards, and gamblers," and that he "would not had Old Brown hung for a thousand words." He was held to bail in the sum \$5,000 for his appearance at Court, and \$5,000 for his behavior. He had given bail for his good behavior, and was endeavoring to give bail for his good behavior. The Sheriff of Alamance, Mr. Patterson, was present, and intended to arrest him on a writ issued by Judge Saunders as soon as he passed from the jurisdiction of the Justices' room. He may, therefore, be expected here this evening to answer before Judge S. for his violation of the law in Alamance, Chatham, and Randolph.

We learn that the excitement in Greensboro was very great, and that the officers of the law experienced difficulty in protecting Worth from the indignation of the people.

Raleigh Standard, Dec. 28.

GREENSBORO, N. C. Dec 26, 1859.—Under this date, an article which appears in the N. Y. Herald, in speaking the arrest and imprisonment of Rev. D. Worth, says:

The Fugitive Slave Law
INVESTIGATION OF EIGHT CITIES OF ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Thursday Dec. 29.

The Grand Jury of the United States District Court, last evening, found an indictment, under the Fugitive Slave law, against eight citizens of Ottawa, Illinois, for the rescue of an alleged slave in that city in October last.

Gerrit Smith has so nearly been restored to complete health that he has returned to his home at Peterboro by the desire of his nearest and dearest friends, and the approval of his physician.

GEN. WADDEHAMPTON OF SOUTH CAROLINA, owner of a thousand slaves, has made a speech in the Senate of that State in opposition to the revival of the African slave trade. Probably he fears a decline in the price of slave property, in case of a free interpretation. Or he does not desire that, in consequence of that decline, every poor white man should acquire the dignity of a slaveholder. The aristocracy do not desire to share their exclusive honors in common with every body. The South will be broken.

THE TRIAL OF A. D. STEVENS, it is now said, will be by the Virginia authorities, this winter, and not by the Federal Courts, in May.

THE FUNERAL OF EDWIN COFFIC, first held by the Society of Friends, was afterwards held in a more public manner, at Salem, Ohio. Prayer was offered by Rev. James A. Thorne, a native of Kentucky, and formerly a Professor at Oberlin.

NEBRASKA.—There has been a great fugitive slave element in Nebraska. The fugitive was rescued and escaped.

N. Y. LEGISLATURE.—D. C. Littlejohn is elected speaker, William Richardson, Clerk (Republicans.) Gov. Morgan's Message condemns the Harper's Ferry invasion, but advocates the Federal exclusion of Slavery from the Territories.

AN IRISH MECHANIC named Powers, has been tarred and feathered at Columbia, S. C., for speaking in commendation of John Brown.

MARYLAND.—A petition to the Legislature is in circulation, for enslaving the 90,000 free blacks of Maryland.

IN MISSISSIPPI, the bill for enslaving the free negroes has passed the lower house.

THE FAMOUS LEMMON CASE—Virginia vs. New York, designed to make New York a slave state, is expected to come up, this winter, for adjudication.

Senator Douglas was reported sick on Thursday. He may yet be obliged to go South.

Robert Bonner, the proprietor of *The New-York Ledger* we understand, is seriously ill.

By the explosion of a carbine lamp, on Tuesday, a house in Division street was fired, and six persons burned to death.

Family Miscellany.

For "The Principia."

The Mysterious Music.

RECORDED BY AN EASTERN LADY.

Twinkled the willow-tree is blushing,
And I list'ne to vain old bairns,

With thrilling transports to me fresh,
As I strummed my wretched eas'.

Sooth through the leafed grove I pass'd,
And was lost in the sun-baked,

Whose mortal tortures could gild * * fast
What mortal soul could share?

Again, 't wrinkles in the breeze,
In the breezes of the mountain grove,

It moves, and the tops of the tamarind trees,
And lonely mounts above.

And now, how sweetly clear and loud
That it fills the mid-way air!

It seems to reach you every cloud,
And languish most sweetly there.

It ceases, and my heart doth cease
From every earthly sigh.

My posseons are filled to brimme
And filled to brimme.

We were not those straws like the val' of a bower
My Abraham the use makes grand
But surely is a bairn fit for her to have
To invest this sound.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, two-singled wimmin, bairns,
And for bairns, these two words—
What say we, say they can express
What bairn has as bairniness,
And what say we, say, and was
Wish bairn heart must ever know.

Good-bye!—in other words can't I?
The state of parting had so well
Satisfied us both, it seems,
To well, the bairns, the bairns,
Namesake form of speech bairns
The wifly form of speech bairns.

Good-bye!—When I first desire to speak
What bids the over-weathered heart to speak?
When all that marks the passing has
In clasped hands and bairned sighs,
Or bairn's pure kiss—I know not why,
But, we interpret it—"Good-bye."

Good-bye!—How oft this left unspoken,
When hearts are glad, when hearts are broken
"Farewell!" the parting saul' me knew;
The tear-drop never says, "Adieu!"
But, trembling in the friendly eye,
It sweetly breathes—"Good-bye, Good-bye."

Good-bye!—and loved eyes softly close,
Forever, on this world of woes;
And voice is hushed that used to thrill:
And throbbing heart is cold and still;
O, heart! "This is the last of earth,"
Behold, in grief, the vacant heart.

Good-bye!—but bairn!—Hope whispers sweet
That in you heaven we may meet,
And never part. Then, happy day,
That bears us from this world away,
And happy hour, when we may die,
And say to earth—"Good-bye! Good-bye!"

Elmira College, Nov., 1859.

nie had never known a "merry Christmas." Her mother had told her about them sometimes, when she teased for a story, and she had heard the girls talk about them at school. They seemed like fairy stories. Once, indeed, a long time since she had a Christmas present. Mariana sat up all night after finding a piece of emery-ware to make her a rag baby. How she loved that baby!

But now it was Christmas time again, and she was going to school to hear the girls tell all about their visits, and festivals, and presents. Could she hear it? It was hard for a little eight-year old. She suppressed her quiet sobs, and joined the merry group at the school-house door, and went to hang up her hood and shawl. Jenny did try very hard to manage to earn her Geography and drill spelling lessons. When the noon bell rang there was a general hurrah.

"Nellie, Nellie! I guess what uncle William brought me for a Christmas?"

"What did you get?"

"O, think what a nice surprise! A Christmas tree all hung full, and lit up—

—Dolls, little bedsteads, and ——"

"Cousin Clare brought me a great doll— all burst at once upon Jennie's ear. One generous impulse and Jenny forgot for the moment that all was not hers, and she laughed, and her eyes danced at the merry recitals of Christmas morning adventures in the dark feeling after stuffed stockings, and the Christmas tree surprises, and the visits and festivals.

"You haven't guessed mine yet!" chimed in Susan Williams. "It couldn't be put in in any stocking, nor hung on a tree! A real little table, like any other, and a whole dinner set to match!"

"And I— you can't guess," insisted little Nellie Warren, fairily dancing with delight and impatience, "O, the funniest! When I felt of my stocking I verily thought it was Old Santa Claus himself had jumped in there! guess?"

"A monkey?"

"Ha! ha! No! No!" cried Nellie, jumping up and clapping her hands. "A crying baby! a crying baby! just what I wanted! What did you get, Jennie?"

Poor Jennie! she had been in fairy land, floating away off somewhere amid Christmas trees, and happy papas and mammas and cousins, and dolls bedsteads, and tea-sets, and candies—and now she was brought back to the stern reality. Her eyes filled, she could not choke back the sobs, so she turned away to her seat, hid her face on her desk, and cried.

"What's the matter with Jennie Brown?" whispered Julia Strong to Nellie, who had turned away her gay little thoughts head to chat about her dolls dress.

Nellie was ardent and impulsive, and her sunny face was clouded as she turned toward Jennie's seat. The merry smile was gone, and the large blue eyes grew thoughtful. She went over to Jennie's seat, and sat down beside her. What should she do?

"Jennie, Jeanie?" she said, softly.

Jennie did not answer.

Nellie laid her little curly head down on the desk, close the side of Jennie's, and put her arm around her. Jennie was very still, very low now and then a sob escaped her.

Poor Nellie was puzzled. What could she do? What was the matter? She took a piece of candy from her pocket and slipped it slyly into the hand that lay across the dark desk under Jennie's head.

Jennie answered by putting her arms around her. Thus encouraged, Nellie again pressed her inquiry. "What's the matter, Jennie?—Did you miss your mother?"

Jennie shook her head.

"Did you say any Christmas?" asked Nellie. Nellie brightly with a new thought.

Nellie needed no answer to that question. The sad, pale face partly turned toward her, answered,

"Give her your crying baby!" said something to Nellie, and Nellie's eyes sparkled. "Never mind, Jennie! I don't believe we but what Santa Claus will bring you something."

"What?"

"Santa Claus!"

"Who is that?"

